

# Ten New Immigrants From as Many Lands at Ellis Island Tell Why They Came to America and How They Hope to Succeed



ALGERIAN GREEK

SPANIARDS

DUTCH

KOSSAK

POLE

SLOVAK

ROUMANIAN

## THE STORIES OF

Giovanni Martini.....Sicily  
Lars Johnson.....Sweden  
Paulo Constantini.....Athens  
Jose Wapowski.....Poland  
Michael O'Connor.....Ireland  
Jose Perez.....Spain  
Otto Schultz.....Bavaria  
Alex Nickloff.....Roumania  
Alexis Popoff.....Russia  
Karl Lewenhaupt.....Holland

ELLIS ISLAND is the sieve through which is sifted the mass of immigrants from the world's four corners. Some come to this land of the free with its Constitution and public schools because of intolerable conditions in the land that gave them birth. Others come from sentimental reasons, drawn by the love home for others gone before. Some—and a few get by Uncle Sam's keen-eyed guardians—come here to escape the penalties for their misdeeds in other lands. The others, the rest by far, come here to make money. And of this latter class some come to stay and other come to gather wealth and return from whence they came.

Choosing at random from men of a

half score lands, The Evening World

reporter learned through glib-tongued

interpreters the story of why they came.

Many others who were asked "Why do

you come?" shook their heads and

smiled. Others scooped under their question-

ers with suspicious eyes, fearing a

harmful motive behind the interrogation.

Giovanni Martini is a chunky built

and swarthy son of Sicily's sunny isle.

Alone he journeyed to the new world,

leaving his wife and three children in

the care of kin in his native town of

Montflore.

"Perhaps I go back; perhaps later I

bring them here," he said.

For ten of his twenty-eight years

Martini has been planning to come to

America and at last, after several years

of frugality and scrimping, he has made

his dream an actuality.

"I go to work and I save in a week

more than I make altogether in Mont-

flore. I have many friends in America

and they have made money. Some of

them have gone back to Italy and they

will work no more. I am a laborer and

I will do anything. Maybe I like to

stay in America and by and by I send

for my wife and children. But perhaps

I go back when I have saved some

money and live happy in Montflore."

His reply is echoed by many of his

kind.

But it was a totally different reason

that brought Lars Johnson from his

farm and home for seven score years

and ten, near Gothenburg, Sweden.

His reason is entirely one of sentiment.

Twenty years ago his two sons came

to America and settled on a farm in

Minnesota and twenty years have passed

since the father has looked upon his

boys.

"And now they are fathers of large

families themselves," he said, "and I

want to see them before I die. I have

been a lonesome old man for over ten

years, since my wife died, and so I

have sold my little place in Sweden.

I am going to see my boys and their

boys and after a while I will go back

to die in Sweden."

Paulo Constantini of Athens knows

exactly why he came to America. There

was no hesitancy in his answer. Paulo

came to America with his wife and two

children to engage in business and

make money.

"For many years I have wanted to

have a business of my own. It is hard

for a Greek to get a start in his own

land, but here in America every one has

an opportunity. I will go to work for

some one for a while and then I will

take up a business of my own. I am

going to stay in New York, for I have

several relatives and many friends in

this city."

Paulo's ambition is the ambition of

most Greek immigrants, according to

those who are familiar with alien mat-

ters. The Greeks are business men, they

say, and are not satisfied to work for

others.

Jose Wapowski, the Polish immi-

grant who has journeyed to America

with a wife and five children, is going

to Buffalo, where in the Polish

colony he has many friends who have

preceded him to the land of golden op-

portunity.

"In Poland I was a farm hand and

labored from daybreak until after dark

and I earned hardly enough to feed my

babies," said the sturdy Pole. "For

years my friends in Buffalo have been

writing to me to come to America,

where they told me I could make more

in a week than I made in almost two

months of labor back home. I talked

it over with my wife and we began to

save what little we could. We spent

only what we were forced to and now,

after almost five years of hardship, we

had enough to pay our passage and keep

us awhile."

It was explained to the Pole that

he would find foodstuffs, clothing and

rents higher in America than at home.

"But we will live like we did in Po-

land," he replied, "until we have some

money saved and soon the boys will be

big enough to work, too, and then we

will go back to Poland for a visit. No,

I don't want to go back there to live,

for most of my friends are here and

the rest are saving to come."

Seven strapping Irish sons preceded

Michael O'Connor of Cork to America.

They have found America to their lik-

ing as have so many other sons of the

Emerald Isle.

"The lads are all in Chicago and they

wrote to me that they are doing well.

After the wife died and my girl married

I thought I had better join the lads in

America. I had a little trucking busi-

ness in Cork and I sold out, and I think

the boys and me will try trucking in

Chicago. It's getting to be a sad land

in Ireland. All the lads are coming to

America, and only the old men are

staying behind and trying to make up

their minds to make the crossing too."

Down on the Florida Keys there is a

considerable colony of Spaniards who

are engaged in the sponge fisheries.

They have been most successful and

their success has prompted Jose Perez

to leave his little farm near Pamplona,

Spain. Jose is not yet thirty and for

several years he has been restless. He

has heard of the success of others in

the New World and finally gained

enough courage to cross himself.

"If I do not find Florida and the

sponge fishing to my liking I will go to

South America, where there are so

many Spaniards and where I have many

friends. And perhaps if I am successful

I will go back to Pamplona and buy the

land, for it is owned by my uncle, an old

man, and then I will be a man of stand-

ing and will marry and have no wor-

ries for mamma."

For well-thirty years Otto

Schultz of Bavaria has toiled and

scrimped on a bit of a farm that hardly

yielded enough, after the taxes were

paid, to keep him and his family.

"And now I have sold out and I come

to America where I can buy almost a

hundred times more land for what I sold

my place for. For several years I have

read of the irrigation farms of Colorado

and I will go there and buy me a place

and then I will send for the frau and

my three girls. My boy is serving in the

army, and in two years he will be dis-

charged and he will come quickly. My

boy does not like the army, but he must

serve. We will not go back to the Mus-

therland to live. Perhaps sometime we

go for a visit."

Alexander Nickloff, the Roumanian,

hardly knew why he came. He is a

man of middle age, and was accom-

panied by his wife and a strapping

daughter. Now that he has turned his

back on Roumania he has no desire to

see the country again.

"I will go to work. I can do any labor

with my hands," he said. "In Rou-

mania I was a shepherd, but it is bitter

cold, and I could earn but little. I

heard of the big farms of America, and

I would like to go to the sheep country

and buy a flock of my own. I do not

want to go back. I want to stay here."

Alexis Popoff was a Russian Cossack.

For years he rode the steppes with his

fighting fellows. Then his brother de-

parted to Western Canada to farm, and

the tall Cossack of the Don has come

with his family to join the brother.

"I served my country for fifteen years,"

said the ex-soldier. "I fought against

the Japanese, and I have been almost

frozen to death many times. After my

brother began to write how well he was

doing on his Canadian farm I got to

thinking, and so I write to my brother

and there are many in the course of

a year who come to find the doors bolt-

ed against them. There was the gior-

ously robed Algerian who was turned

from the threshold. He confessed to

being a Mussulman. The greed teaches

polygamy. The Algerian was not mar-

ried but the inspector asked him if he

believed in polygamy. He replied "yes."

The law says no alien who is a polyga-

mist or who preaches or believes in

polygamy shall enter.

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